

Blessid Union Of Souls

"Have U.N.E. Pull"

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Intro (by Chi Ali)

Dag, I wish I was like Jordan
So I could just fly through the air no one could ever
stop me
Or, or like Mike Mike Tyson
So I could just knock people's heads off
Naaw, more like Prince
So I could pull all the honeys
Well a brother like Chi Ali is pullin all the honeys anyway
But still, it would be nice

First Verse

What's goin on kid?
At times I dress to be in
I see you grinnin I'm beginnin to think that we're friends
And if we are friends, then we are far from fools
So I will then kiss and
let you into my sphere cool
Now listen I'm known, as a Black Sheep
And if you try to pull the cover
and attempt to sleep
You won't get rest naaaaah
You can not sleep on this
For I make noise... see
But anyway, I
It's where I live and though
I live on nonetheless
Someime
I've got my body and my intellect
I'm buddha blessed
Now my chalanthness
Or rather lack of this
You call the spade a spade
well I will call the spade a kiss
Butt in the meantime
You try to
And if the source
I get a verbal bat
Until I get through

*that we are rich with wealth
Can you understand that you should be yourself?*

Chorus > repeats twice

*'Bah bah Black Sheep' \ repeated three
Have U.N.E. Pull / times
Or are you full of sheep
Tryin to pull the wool*

Second Verse

*What's goin on black?
You want a hand to smack
Well I can never be all that
So I will give you daps
I do the 'Hey yo'
Your girl is on the strobe?
Oh no that's kind of trip
But gee I gotta go
You see it's not the style of me
So I'm not mending
And I won't pull you leg
Nor start pretending
to be a fair weather
with a plea to come
Cause you never let me hold your
You see it's like this I'll start explaining
Dres is down with self maintaining
Don't say I can't, I know that I can
Black Sheep rule, me and my man
Or my man and I, Mista Lawnge and Dres
Baby sounds are in the sphere
better do as Chris says
As for me, to say just how
You didn't know me then
so you could never know me now*

Chorus

Third verse

*What's goin on hon?
You say you're out for fun
I got a pocket full of posies
You say I got a fun
Then take a step back
Away from Flipper
I'd rather shoot you with the joint
inside my zipper
But not to be fresh*

*For then I lose the groove
I'd rather see you smile
And move your booty smooth
Then I get to know ya
Got things to show ya
Is there the chance
of me gettin over
And over and over and over and over again
Now tell me
Are you gonna let me in
For it's gettin hot
what I have have not
Give me a second though
I have a mansion and a yacht
A caddy for my daddy
somethin new for mom too
A coat for Mista Lawnge
and some hook-ers for the crew
Honey don't get mad
You know my love is greater
But, I'll dig you later*

Chorus

*'I can dig it' > repeated six times
with gradually decreasing emphasis*

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